

LIFE OF
FENNER B. SATTERTHWAITE.

BY
F. S. STICKNEY.

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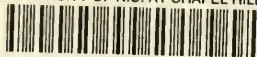
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BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES

OF

FENNER BRYAN SATTERTHWAITE,

TOGETHER WITH THE

Obituary Proceedings

OF THE

WASHINGTON BAR, ETC.

NORFOLK, VA.:
VIRGINIAN STEAM PRINT,
1887.



Moses Grandfather
J. B. Satterthwaite

PREFACE.

After a lapse of a decade from his death I begin the arduous task of compiling some biographic sketches, variously collected, of FENNER BRYAN SATTERTHWAITE.

A great man is about to pass beyond the memory of this generation unnoticed. Nor is it fitting in us to so overwhelm ourselves with the business of this impatient epoch, that we bury the remembrance of former achievements, lest haply we be rushing to a future uncertain and experimental. Contrariwise, I judge we ought to pause before each grand structure of the past age and formulate a prudent course for us, observing with equal care the successes and reverses of their fortunes.

In particular, does it behoove us to contemplate with respectful minds any remarkable character that has flourished before our very eyes, allied to many in this section by consanguinity and the closest relations of personal friendship. For, in viewing such an one, we do not behold them as prophets of a distant time or country, the heroic in whose lives is alone explicated to us, but rather as a familiar acquaintance, full of effect and defect like us. Thus a character of striking similitude to our own, whose successes attracted notice, we can't fail to view without benefit, coupled with a commendable *patriotic* pride. Nor do I think that any cynics can impugn my motives upon the grounds of consanguinous interest, (for what is that to American boys?) or deem my intentions otherwise than humble and correct.

No better apology can be offered to those who may, with any interest, peruse these pages than is suggested

by the foregoing observations. I do not expect any extended circulation from the fact that the reading public is supplied with a superabundance of literature.

Scarcely could a man in a life time peruse the books published in a day : therefore, it seems presumptuous to offer anything else, especially from so unaccustomed a pen as mine ; but I find sufficient excuse in the suggestion and encouragement I have had to prosecute the work, in the full belief that many friends of Mr. Satterthwaite are still living who will hail with delight any tribute to his memory ; and lastly, because I have selected the unostentatious method of using more largely the writing of others than my own, to whom I extend my most grateful thanks.

F. S. STICKNEY.

Washington, N. C., 1887.

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FIRST SKETCH.

The SATTERTHWAITES came from England in the colonial days, and located in the exact spot where the city of Philadelphia now stands.

Joseph was the first to turn his course southward. He came to North Carolina, and settled in that section of Beaufort county called Pungo, then known by its Indian name, Machipungo, before the Revolution. From him was descended in the third generation Fenner Bryan Satterthwaite, who was born on the 6th of March, 1813.

Reared in quiet and unostentatious walks, his early life was not eventful, save in the circumstances that surround the life of a wild and happy boy. None of those elements of modern civilization, growing out of the methods of intimate and rapid communication, drawing in their train some attendant vices, had entered the homes of that old fashioned, hospitable country where Mr. Satterthwaite was growing up.

There may be observed to this day something of the spirit of the early settlers in lower Beaufort county. They were people who had fled from persecution to the wild retreat in the woods of Carolina, then an unnamed province.

Thus a liberty loving people had grown up in her borders.

Free as the birds that reared their unharmed broods in the tangled wood was the spirit of our young hero. Directed by a good mother, were woven into the fabric of his character, those principles that fitted him for future use and ornament to his family and constituents. He learned by contact and experience to appreciate the

worth and position of those people on whom the great strength of nations hangs.

The old people tell me that he was, when merging into manhood, a tall, handsome youth, with marked, expressive features, possessing great good humor and love for fun.

Many an hapless individual was the victim of his adroit pranks. His perfect command of all his faculties and feelings made him a successful operator in these frolics. This power he manifested in remarkable degree in maturer years, relating the most amusing anecdotes with inimitable skill and composure.

He never laughed, but his expressive smile meant more than a laugh.

When a mere boy his father died, and thus grave responsibilities fell upon him.

Now, we may behold him as he places his foot firmly upon the threshold of life, without wealth, without education, without paternal assistance; unknown he steps into the arena. He has no weapon but his will, no defense but his own good character. His equipment was nature's own gift—no more.

It need not confront our eyes with amazement that a splendid structure grew from this foundation; for it is an obvious fact that almost all heroic characters, both in the past, and in our own time, are taken fresh from the lap of nature.

Luxury is an indulgent mother that spares the rod and spoils the child.

“Those who toil bravely are strongest;
The humble and poor become great;
And from little brown-handed children
Do grow mighty rulers of State.

“The pen of the author and statesman—
The noble and wise of our land—
The sword, and chisel, and pallet
Shall be held in the little brown hand.”

Men may transmit property to their children, and entail it for generations, but the mind is God's gift, a very likeness of Himself; and when He is about to give to the world a worthy one, He fashions him, as He did our prime progenitor, from the very hollow of His Omnipotent hand.

To turn from moralizing to the theme:—We first behold him taking to himself a wife, Anna Elizabeth, the daughter of Edward Langhingham, of Pitt, before he attains his majority. Then he appears as a politician the following year, and is sent to the Legislature to represent Beaufort county.

Shortly after his return from the Legislature, with his effects and family (wife and two children), he moved up the river into Pitt county, and purchased a tract of land from old Col. Salter. Here he built and cleared a valuable estate.

It was at this place, on the south side of the river, where the upland freshets of the Tar merge into the broad tide waters of the Pamlico, that Mr. Satterthwaite was wont to dispense his bountiful and free hospitality.—A hospitality of the olden-time, such as we of this era do not know.

Shortly after his purchase of this estate his finances fell into arrears, and he was held in prison bounds in the town of Washington under the old law of *imprisonment for debt*.

" 'Tis an ill wind that blows no good." Thus, debarred from employment, by that incongruous law which said—pay me what thou owest, but sit still till the money comes to you—he formed the purpose of his life.

When a child he was accustomed to listen with eagerness to the conversation of that great and good man, Judge Gaston, who frequently stopped at his father's house as he went to and returned from the courts in

Hyde. He longed to be a great man also ; but no schools were accessible, and his opportunities meagre for acquiring any information.

But these latent fires sprang again into flame when John S. Hawks, Esq., offered him a place in his law office. Dr. Singletery, the Episcopal pastor, gave him instruction in Latin, for the Romans have not only furnished us with the rudimentary principles of law, but have left, through the influence of succeeding Romance nations, all the terse maxims of the law in original Latin—a knowledge of which is indispensable to a lawyer.

With such assiduous interest did Mr. Satterthwaite push these studies that it aroused the enthusiasm and admiration of his father-in-law, who came to his rescue and settled his difficulties with his creditors.

After obtaining license he began practice in Washington, but he lived upon his farm, and had an office in the yard

His popularity soon won for him a large and lucrative practice, but, with quick perception, he saw he could not succeed in debating matters, involving deep legal scrutiny, before those old oracles of the law that rode the circuit in those days. So, like the wise, whose greatest sagacity is manifest in the tact with which they cover up their salient points of character, showing themselves only where they are invulnerable, he turned his attention eminently to the arts of the advocate. In this he was entirely successful.

As a speaker he was unique, original, graceful, natural, inimitable.

His language was simple, fluent, varied, and appropriate ; his person, tall, handsome, grave ; his attitude noble, full of suavity, and composure ; and his whole

presence magnetic. Here was a grand forensic orator, indeed.

Beaufort county never had the like before ; when will she produce another ?

I once heard a notable lawyer say that in visiting Washington he saw this splendid orator for the first time, addressing a large assembly in open air. It seemed to him that some great man of classic history had suddenly appeared before the people. All were listening with bated breath to the entrancing flights of his eloquence. At each pathetic illustration a suppressed sigh escaped their lips. Then a look of indignant horror seemed to knit their brows and curdle their blood as he depicted the desperate conduct of some heartless wretch. Presently he would lead them from these tragic scenes into pleasant pastures and by still waters ; and lastly in some magnificent climax he would elevate his hearers to the highest pitch of enthusiasm, when they would spontaneously break forth in loud bursts of applause. Thus through all the shades of human emotion he would lead his willing audience, calling into active exercise forces of their innermost souls that lay dormant from the rust of indifference and neglect. Tears would trickle down stony cheeks, and stern brows soften in mirth. Patriotic fires did he cause to spring up in young men's hearts, and shrinking maidens to animate with enthusiastic zeal.

In early life he visited the National Capital, in the days when those gigantic characters—Webster, Clay, Calhoun, Corwin, and their compeers, were moulding American history. When he was introduced to Mr. Webster by Judge Badger, the former, upon beholding his fine face, with that delineation peculiar to him, remarked :—Why, Judge, I thought we already had all the sap of the Old North State in the persons of Mangum and yourself, but I see I was mistaken.

Though a leader of the people he was more like an older brother than a demagogue ; a politician he was not ambitious, for he sought not preferment save for his party; intellectual he was not pedantic. Flattery did not beget vanity in him, nor fauning conceit. His mind was broad, philanthropic, and unselfish, very elastic and retentive.

Perhaps we will ask ourselves—and why did he not achieve greater eminence ? Because it was at home he sought to exercise his peculiar gifts among his friends and neighbors. Their commendable patronage afforded adequate satisfaction for his efforts. Nor is it befitting in us to depreciate the simplicity of his motives, for an unselfish use of one's abilities to the benefit of his fellows has always been regarded as the highest purpose of the human mind.

Emmanuel Kant was such a one. He is said to have lived and labored as a professor in a neighboring college, as a philosopher and writer, and was never further than an hour's ride from the place of his nativity during his whole life.

The scope and compass of Mr. Satterthwaite's mind was truly great, but he was deficient in approbateness and ambition. He was several times urged by his friends, and put in nomination for high political posts, but with modesty each time declined.

There are very few accessible remnants of his speeches, such chiefly as were printed in the local papers, applicable to particular emergencies, and scarcely suitable here. They were the enthusiastic effusions of his heart that burst forth in momentous exigencies and needed the ring of his voice, the glow of his brow and the fervor of his presence to make them eloquent.

It was at the bar in defence of the oppressed that he reached the zenith of his genius.

“In Lord Erskine's famous speech for Hadfield,”

remarked Senator Vance in his eulogy on Judge Jerre S. Black, " one of the very few speeches at the bar which has been given by common consent of the legal world the force and authority of an adjudicated case, he said : ' The scene which we are engaged in, and the duty which I am not merely privileged, but appointed to perform by authority of the court, exhibits to the whole civilized world a perpetual monument to our national justice. The transaction, indeed, in every part of it, as it stands recorded in the evidence already before us, places our country and its government and its inhabitants upon the highest pinnacle of human elevation.' The extraordinary scene which called forth this remarkable eulogy was the supreme triumph of law over human passion, where a poor, obscure and friendless man, attempting to assassinate the monarch of a mighty empire, was ' only secured, without injury or reproach,' and for his trial ' was covered all over with the armor of the law ! ' "

It will be readily admitted that our humane laws, under which persons of all degrees have equal privileges and justice, constitute the chief glory of this people and era. Then do not those, who, as exponents of the law, stand firm in its honorable ministration, represent the urbanity and benignity of our jurisprudence? The slightest comparison of the wealth and contentment of our people with the oppressed of Turkey will serve to obviate the fact that security under the law is the prime inducement to habits of industry and the pursuits of happiness.

Mr. Satterthwaite may truly be said to be among the number of those who espoused the cause of the weak and oppressed, defending them against the encroachments of the more powerful and selfish with all the enthusiasm of his soul.

Yet there was another sphere in which Mr. Satterth-

waite was remarkable ; here the beauties of his character were most resplendant ; I allude to the social board. There was not a single barrier in the way of his celebrity here. He was the very personification of Southern hospitality. His home was your home. Every man in every degree, from the slave in the kitchen to the Governor in his palace, was welcome there.

No courtier had more grace in the parlor ; no statesman greater dignity ; no scholar better language !

“ Den while de white folks enjoyed deselves
In de ole time style,
What times de darkies had
Down in de quarters all de while ! ”

He was a genial host, a thoughtful parent, a kind master. His slaves, his family, and his friends were devoted to him.

In early life he attached himself to the Protestant Episcopal Church, and continued in her membership all his life.

The following letter to his grandson at school in Alabama will illustrate very largely his feelings in his latter days, and serve also to show how that in the midst of pressing business he never forgot courtesies to his family :

My Dear Son,—Ever since your letter came I have been very busy in attendance upon the Spring Term of our Superior Courts, which has caused my delay ; and withal I have not been well, and, in this respect am little better qualified for writing to-day.

There is a most wretched cold settled on my lungs, producing fever and constant coughing, so that it alarms me. But the Doctor says the worst is over. I pray God it may be so. It is well for you to learn thus early that delays are dangerous.

And so my boy has not forgotten the promise he made

when his grandpa kissed him and gave him his blessing on the steamer ! I often think of you and wish to see you, but I feel that it is for your good that you are separated from us, and that you are laying the foundations of honor and usefulness for yourself, and of pride and pleasure for your family and friends. It makes the heart of your old grandfather beat with delight to contemplate his little grandson an honored, influential, and useful member of Society. * * * * *

We have just been through a most exciting political contest. This State has had a most wonderful revolution in politics. We have elected seven members of Congress out of eight, and four-fifths of both branches of the Legislature.

Give my kindest regards to your kind teacher, and rest assured, dear son, that no one surpasses grandpa in desire for your health and success in this life, and eternal happiness in the life to come. God bless you, my dear boy. Your loving old Grand Father,

F. B. S——.

Washington, N. C., 1874.

It will be seen that this letter was written the Spring preceding his death. He never was of a robust temperament, but for some months preceeding his death he seemed to be in bad health and his mind somewhat gloomy, with forebodings of his death.

But at a time, and in a manner not anticipated, the grim monster met him. He was stricken down with apoplexy on his way from his office to his house, during the Spring Term of the Superior Court in Washington, March 23d, 1875.

The news of his death flashed through the town, and for many days a black pall seemed to be spread over the whole community ; the people mourned. Upon conven-

ing a day was spent by the court in paying fitting tribute and respect to his memory. Touching addresses were made by Judges Rodman, Reade, Moore and Shepherd, Major Sparrow, and others.

He was buried in Trinity Cemetery, an Episcopal burying ground. The concourse that followed his remains to their last resting place was immense, composed of people of all classes, extending a long way over the road that leads through the wide swamp from Washington. Old men and maidens, young men and matrons, judges and citizens, rich and poor, white and black, all were there, united in one common grief, for one common friend!

Only a few weeks before, he had attended in that cemetery the burial of one of his old faithful slaves—Carey. Many white persons were present, and when the last spade-full of earth had been thrown on his grave, he raised himself up from his revery and addressed those who had come to honor the funeral of this poor negro. He first spoke of his faithfulness and noble example; then of the precarious tenure we have on life, ending with the query—*who should be next?* He wept, and all wept; it was a solemn day. He was the next. If we end well is not the race successful?

Mr. Satterthwaite had eleven children, only three of whom are living. His first child and only daughter—Martha Alice—the pet and companion of his early years, is the wife of Joseph B. Stickney, Esq., President of the Mutual Benefit and Relief Association of North Carolina. His two sons, Thomas Henry and Fenner Bryan, live in Washington.

THE COMPILER.

SECOND SKETCH.

Even at this late day it affords me a melancholy pleasure to place a twig of the mournful cypress over the grave of the lamented F. B. Satterthwaite, Esq., of my native county of Beaufort. He was my senior by many years, but as I was born and raised within three miles of the place of his birth and raising, at Leachville, earlier known as Log House Landing, on Pungo river, in the county of Beaufort, in this State, perhaps I am as well acquainted with the facts and history of his early life as any man now living.

Possessed of that native genius which enabled him to become, as it does so many others, the architect of his own fortune, his example is one of the many that, to a true spirit, early poverty and difficulties are the safest guide and surest means to an education in its truest and highest sense. His father, like mine, did not believe in schools any further than they taught reading, writing, and arithmetic. These advantages of the old field school, at home, were all that the son ever obtained from any educational institution. But he obtained from his parents, what no school or college can give, the rich inheritance of *a sound mind in a sound body*.

His father was a farmer, kept his children at home under his own eye and care, and taught them to work. Fenner then may be said literally to have had no school days outside of the education of the plow-handles, and the usual rugged labor of active farm-life. Here it was that his industrious parents sowed in him those seeds of industry, self-reliance, and physical development and endurance that so often makes home education superior to that of the schools and colleges, and which gave

young Satterthwaite a preparatory discipline that contributed greatly to his success in after life. His mother was a lady of superior intellectual power and of much energy, and no doubt much of his well-known superiority of mind and force of character was inherited from her, again illustrating that a man's inheritance is most potent upon him for good or evil, and that it is wiser in him to marry an intelligent and healthy wife than one of mere riches.

Although Mr. Satterthwaite was raised to near manhood in an obscure, illiterate neighborhood, where and at a time when but little value was placed upon the education of the highest seminaries of learning, his distinguished success in after life illustrated that after all the environments and instruction of the unwritten system of a correct and intelligent home education are, in very many cases, more desirable and effectual to true culture and honorable success than the schools furnish. He was early taught that culpably and disastrously neglected duty of parents to their children now-a-days, of obedience, and he always acknowledged, with gratitude, that this parental duty to home was a potent factor of his success. He was never petted or spoiled at home by his fond and loving parents, as are so many children in these times, both at home and in school, and always to their injury, but was subjected to that home discipline which gave him the spirit of self-reliance, courage, and independence, as he went forward, with a brave and generous heart, to battle with the poverty and trials of his early manhood.

Thus prepared, at home, his instinctive genius and intuitive love of knowledge, enabled him the more easily to triumph over difficulties, and to pursue with more success those thorny avenues that lead to distinction. His early thought and eager love of knowledge was only

equaled by those bright exhibitions of intellect that made his life one of much promise. He devoured anything of books that came in his way. His hours of relief from farm-labor were given to intellectual pursuits. His many difficulties in this line gave him an ambition that crowned him with success. His preference for the legal profession, as he grew up, was in some degree owing to the example and impressions upon him by that great and good man—Judge William Gaston.

Private travel in those days was a necessity in the extreme east. Judge Gaston, as he travelled from home to and from Hyde County Courts, always stopped at night at the home of the father of Mr. Satterthwaite, who kept a house of public entertainment. It was during these occasions that Judge Gaston, always fond of children and young men, became well-acquainted with Mr. Satterthwaite, and saw in him genius and promise. The Judge, with his big heart, extended to him that encouragement and sympathy which acted as a decided stimulant, and advised him to become a lawyer. The advice was taken. He broke the fetters of his restraint and obscurity, went forth upon more inviting fields, and steadily developed to commanding positions.

I have thus given, imperfectly I know, some of the facts of his boyhood life. I do so the more readily because he and I were both born and reared in the same dear old place, known as Pungo, in Beaufort county, where some of his, and my, nearest kindred now lie in death; no spot on earth is nearer or dearer to me. With a true heart, warm with fond memories and sacred associations of the past, I can say of this hallowed spot:

“Where’er I roam, whatever realms to see,
My heart, untrammelled, fondly turns to thee.”

The tender feelings and sympathetic ties that cluster around, and intermingle with my cherished memory of

this endearing locality are embalmed in the grateful appreciation that here his parents and mine gave us that home teaching and virtuous instruction and love of State and country which, in the blessed line of inheritance and good example, were the precious seeds of whatever good fruits resulted to us afterwards. Good home teaching and the right sort of a mother give a man very much after all, as a general rule, of whatever desirable success he attains. No man values more the advantages of scholastic training and collegiate instruction than does the writer of this imperfect sketch. But whether such advantages would have better trained his mind or made him more useful and successful than this home discipline, and the necessities of this subsequent self-reliance may well be questioned, whether in reference to his own distinctive case or to the thousands of other self-made men so-called. However this may be, it is probable that his early environments, necessities, and struggles, combined with omniverous reading from early boyhood, gave such development to his genius and entire organization, added such force to his genial manners, generous disposition, and strong will-power, as to make him a born leader of men.

Certainly they were most potent educational factors, strong and wide reaching means and influences, for giving him that knowledge of character and human nature, that readiness and fertility of resources, that success in his profession, that force and energy of character, social influence, personal magnetism, and eloquence of speech, that made him famous and placed him prominently in the ranks of eminent North Carolinians.

S. S. SATCHWELL, M. D.

THIRD SKETCH.

In the Convention of 1861, the Secession Convention of our State, I served with Mr. Satterthwaite. I remember well his face and attitude as he sat on the opposite side of the House. He had a look of great will-power, earnest attention, thoughtfulness; he gave every speaker respectful attention, and every measure thorough consideration. He was to my mind the most imposing-looking man in that body of great men. He spoke seldom, but when he arose he attracted universal attention. His words, emphasis, flash of his dark eye, expression of countenance, gesticulations, showed earnestness, intensity of conviction, eloquence. Badger & Ruffin, Graham and Brown, Briggs and Rayner, Gilmer and Edwards, and many other great men, were there, but none commanded more respect and confidence than Satterthwaite.

He was distinguished by calm self-possession, by perfect fearlessness, by scorn of the acts of the demagogue, by looking the dangers and difficulties of those dark hour's unflinchingly in the face. He contemptuously refused to follow the example of many, who endeavored to bolster up their own courage and the courage of others by empty boastings, vain threats, epithets abusive of our adversaries.

He feared that under the plea of military necessity the liberties of the people might be interfered with. His voice and vote were always against measures which in the least degree had a tendency to set aside or impair the free action of the courts, trial by jury, or the privilege of the writ of *habeas corpus*. No appeal founded on the dangers of invasion, the necessity of replenishing the army, or even sympathy for our soldiers in the field,

could move him a hair's breadth in the direction of what he considered the violation of the civil law.

One of the strongest speeches delivered in the convention was by him in the discussion of a question of this nature ;—an ordinance was introduced on one of the last days of a session allowing North Carolina soldiers to vote for all civil officers, State and Confederate, wherever they might be, in camp or on the battlefield, in barracks or on the march, within the limits of the State or without, whether volunteers or regulars, whether under the orders of the Governor of North Carolina, or of the President of the Confederate States. No time was allowed for the perfection of the details of the ordinance. Its friends insisted on an immediate vote, relying on the universal sympathy for our gallant boys, and on the unpopularity certain to accrue to its opponents. Badger, Graham and others vainly protested against hurrying through a measure of so great importance, urging the necessity of so arranging the machinery of the elections as to secure a fair vote and prevent the undue influence of the officers over soldiers. Satterthwaite boldly moved to indefinitely postpone the whole question, supporting his motion by a remarkably clever, eloquent and statesmanlike argument. The majority of the convention had been showing much impatience of debate, but his earnest and weighty words and manner compelled attention. All were struck with the evident sincerity of his belief, and the cogency of his reasoning, as well as the utter disregard of the effect of his action on his personal popularity. No attempt was made to answer him. The mere suggestion that it would be a hardship to disfranchise our brave soldiers while they were periling their lives for the South being sufficient to defeat his motion by a vote of 63 to 18. But among those 18 were Badger, Dr. Boadnax, N. Edwards, Colonel Dennis Ferrebee, Gov.

Graham, Edmund Jones, Judge Mitchell, Rev. William Pettigrew Rayner, Chief Justice Ruffin, R. H. Smith, of Halifax, and Dr. Speed, some of the most thoughtful and wise men in the convention. The only amendment allowed was to have the election held by three freeholders of the company, the ordinance as proposed actually giving the captain the sole authority in this matter.

KEMP P. BATTLE, L. L. D.
President of University of North Carolina.

FOURTH SKETCH.

The writer of this imperfect tribute had both the honor and pleasure of forming Mr. Satterthwaite's acquaintance at a time and period in the history of Beaufort county, when it required more than ordinary gifts to enjoy a commanding position in its professional and political circles, and yet, all this he was then enjoying, and which is not to be wondered at, when we consider the magnetic features of his noble character, which we now propose to do, and which, we think, will furnish the solution of his success. And first we are to consider the disadvantages of his early life. The facilities for obtaining an education then were, indeed, very limited. The "School Master had not been abroad," and all his attendance at school was about six months. And yet, the spirit and resolve of a noble manhood was ablaze within him, and he applied himself, and put them to a noble use.

The result of his close application to his books and studies, was of such a character, that in a few years, his knowledge had assumed an encyclopedic range. Although imperfectly educated, he became a master practitioner among the best lawyers of the state. He also became familiar with English literature. So overflowing were his stores, that the writer remembers with grateful pleasure, as no doubt do hundreds of others, occasions, when he, standing up, rearing his noble form, burst forth in an outgush of eloquence, poetry, history, biography, anecdote, and humor, that would wrap us all in enchantment, and make us feel the potency of his magic wand. Then would follow the questions ; *when, where* and *how*, did he become possessed

of such wonderful store of knowledge and impressive power? And all parted, wondering, sure enough. And yet, in after years, when mature, sober thought and reflection followed, it was no difficult task to answer, for it was remembered, that with him, there was an inherent power both to *will* and to *do*; and this, necessarily, leads us to consider, as standing out in striking contrast, and bold relief, his success in life. If what has been already written be true, then, it is not surprising that the people of his county should have drawn him out from the comparative seclusion of private life, to the Council Chambers of his native State. During his legislative career, he maintained his political integrity, and never wavered from the path of duty into which his faith and convictions directed him; hence, it was never truly said of him, that he proved recreant to any trust, or faithless to the admiring and confiding constituency that had promoted him.

An incident occurred, during his sojourn at Raleigh, while there as a legislator, that most happily illustrates the character of the man. A young man had married a minor, and thereby, had forfeited all title to his wife's estate, legally considered. In his trouble, he memorialized the Legislature to obtain relief, and a Bill was enacted for that purpose, and which found in Mr. S. a warm and successful advocate. The young man, feeling his indebtedness to him for its success, tendered a liberal compensation for his services, but which he declined accepting, assigning as a reason that he did no more than his duty; that to receive it, would be both inconsistent with, and in violation, of his convictions of what constituted political integrity. So when he returned to his home he found there a handsome and costly old-fashioned set of girandoles, sent there as a present to his wife, by his generous patron.

He was both patriot and sage. He loved his country, her laws and government, and knew no means that proposed the abridgement of the one, and the violation of the other. He believed our government was a sacred compact, as well as guarantee of civil and religious liberty. Hence he did not embrace secession, but when the war came on, although he had time and again, on the hustings, in the social circles, and wherever he went, given no uncertain sound, but had warned and besought the people, not to rush madly on, to the result that followed; he remained with them, suffered with them, and at last died in their midst, where he was best known and best beloved. By his noble manhood he had endeared himself to them, and to-day his name, FENNER B. SATTERTHWAIT, is indeed a "household word."

His language when living, was : "Thy people shall be my people and thy God shall be my God."

During the war he did, all he could toward relieving the sufferings of the soldiers, their wives and children, and was, at one time, one of Gov. Vance's counsellors.

In the Pierce Presidential Campaign, he was Elector for the State at large and discharged its weighty duties with honor and success; for wherever he went and addressed the people, multitudes, with eager eyes and ears, dwelt upon his stirring words, and some, went away, if not convinced, yet feeling, that they had heard a *Rara Avis*, an honest politician.

We have thus, briefly, considered his birth and public character, and now invite you, as we change the scene, to a contemplation of his social and domestic traits. At the early age of 19 years he was left an orphan, upon whom devolved the cares of a large family, and was faithful to them in every sense. When only 20 years of age, he was married to Miss Annie Laughinghouse, a woman, who for more than 40 years, administered to his comfort

and happiness, and in whom, he found all the qualities that constitute a faithful and devoted wife. It was a marriage of unselfish love, and God approved and blest them, and not a ripple of discordant motion marred the peace and harmony of their domestic circle. This is not to be wondered at either when we remember the genial spirit of the man, and the unselfish sympathies of the devoted wife, and his benevolence.

In his attractive home, surrounded by his loved ones, and friends and neighbors, he attended to his agricultural and professional duties. He was a skillful farmer and one of the most successful lawyers at the Washington Bar.

As a young lawyer he was studious, and such was his success in the selection of a jury, that it was said of him he had no superior.

His knowledge of mankind was really superior to most men of his age, and his conception of character, as accurate as that of the most gifted we have ever known—that of Lavater not excepted.

Always, on returning home from his important duties, the faithful wife, and devoted children, gathered around him, and there was enjoyment in that household, and “why?” Because there was sunshine in his face, and the smile of unselfish love wreathed his lips, and dissipated and dispersed the cloud of anxious solicitude from each face, and gave the impress of his genial spirit to each and to all.

He was an active man, and of lively temperament. He was fond of hunting, and often exercised himself in in that way, and never so cheerfully, as when with friends and neighbors in pursuit of game or in the family circle with them around him. After the war and the loss of much property, such was his remarkable equanimity that he was wont to say : I am one of the richest men in the state. I am a good farmer, lawyer, politician, hunter

and fisherman. Having these several occupations, when I am tired of one I can follow the other just as I please.

He was generous to a fault, and his character as transparent as glass. To see the man, and hear him speak, was to know and confide in him at once. He just walked into your affections, and you felt like bidding him enter. Once on the cars when he, accompanied by his wife, was *en route* to Alabama to visit his married daughter, a young man entered at a certain point, passed down the aisle, looking anxiously into the faces of all the passengers. Presently he returned and approaching Mr. S. said—"Sir, I am in distress, having lost my money, will you let me have ten dollars. I have some friends at a station not far ahead, there I can procure the funds and return your money." He loaned him the amount, which was promptly returned. "Well," said Mr. S. "Why did you single me out of all these people?" The young man responded—"Because, when I beheld your face I saw benevolence stamped there." Yes, it was stamped there.

We have kept in reserve and now propose to consider as the most important feature of his character, that which should shine forth more prominently in the character of our public men, but, alas! too often does not. It is this: Fenner B. Satterthwaite was a Christian. Yes! thank God, that with all his gifts and graces, with all his attractions and power of mind and character, with all the smiles of worldly friends and associates, with all the glow and glitter of political honors, he remembered his Creator, and gave HIM his noble heart, the best gift of his richly endowed manhood.

He was a member of the Protestant Episcopal Church—a church that comes down to us, clothed with the sanctity of the ages, and redolent with the glorious achievements

of her sainted martyrs. Yes! He was a believer, and confirmed his "Faith by his works."

Thus, we have imperfectly described something of the life, character and work of this great and good man; but he has passed away, and yet, thank God, "His works do follow him."

It is true, his body slumbers in the grave, but his name and memory live in the hearts and affections of his devoted wife, children, friends and fellow citizens, and when the future historian shall write of North Carolina's gifted sons, the name of Fenner B. Satterthwaite, will but add brightness and beauty to its galaxy, and its splendor never be dimmed.

It is true, that in "Gray's Elegy," we are told that—

"The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour;
The path of glory lead but to the grave."

But in his case it will be different. Aye, "*The good that a man does, lives after him.*" No indeed! far from it. Although the body may be dissolved into its primary element, dust, yet sooner or later, the day is destined to come, when reanimated by the Spirit of God, it shall spring fresh and verdant from the dust, and formed anew, glorying in perennial beauty, it shall stand before God, and hear him say: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant, thou has been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things: enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

T. P. RICAUD,
Pastor M. E. Church, Washington.

FIFTH SKETCH.

In the summer of 1852, the Whig Convention for this Congressional district, then embracing both Craven and Beaufort counties, assembled in the old Court House in New Berne, which stood in the midst of the intersection of Broad and Middle streets, and opened one of the most fiery campaigns which ever enthused the people of Eastern North Carolina. James Bonner Marsh, the father-in-law of the writer, and one of the most intelligent and resolute Whigs of Beaufort county, presided over that body. Washington, Bryan, Donnell, Warren and a host of veteran politicians adorned the ranks of the assembly, while Clark, Carter, Marsh, and other brilliant young graduates of Chapel Hill, Yale and Princeton first flashed before the public gaze as the coming men of a latter day. The writer can never forget the impression which that enthusiastic array of talent made upon him. Honored by the convention by being appointed with Judge Warren as sub-electors of Beaufort county, we stood among the hardest fighters and most determined champions of that High Protective Tariff, which all unseen by us was the turning the thews and sinews of the North into iron to crush the very people who were its blind advocates at the South.

Out of the shadows of that vanquished time comes one stalwart form, nobler and more deserving than all the rest, the Hon. Fenner B. Satterthwaite, who, as elector for the district at large, bore the Whig banner with unfaltering arm through that fierce and important contest. Can the young men of that day, who are swiftly becoming the old men of this, forget his kingly mein, his chiv-

alrous manner and his popular address? He was the very model of a canvasser among the people. As a speaker, while inferior in mental culture to many others, his intellectual resources were almost inexhaustible. His addresses in that famous Presidential campaign carried conviction and won votes in every precinct. Full of anecdote, sarcasm and repartee, and pervaded by passion and limitless enthusiasm, they were uttered by a voice deep, earnest and impressive, which never failed to stir the hearts of the people.

Out of the dim regions of that distant time crowd upon the writer the pleasant memories of his departed friend. How polite, warm-hearted and chivalrous he was. Once at Saratoga, where he had taken his only daughter, between whom and himself there was a very devoted affection, a venerable gentleman from Louisiana, in the midst of the splendour and gayety of the great ball room, was treated superciliously by several beautiful women present, with whom he politely asked to dance, possibly a stately minuet. Satterthwaite marking the bad manners of the fair women from a distant point in the ball room, and pitying the stranger whom he had never seen before, but knew to be a gentlemen, led his own sweet daughter forward and requested the stranger to honor her with his attendance in the following dance. The scene was a flash of light in obscure places. It was one of those difficult things which to him always came by intuition, And it is hardly necessary to say, that he won a friend under that garrish lamplight, and among those silks and jewels, who never forgot him.

How a great political festival aroused him, and how his soul in great waves of enthusiasm flowed into it. After Major Yeates had plucked the First Congressional District out of Radical hands, the impetuous voters of that sterling district inaugurated a great jubilee in the town of

Washington. It was a vast concourse, an unsurpassed outpouring of Democrats. The most beautiful girls in the district, richly draped, made the procession like an old Roman triumph. Houses, streets, balconies, tents and fields, were thronged with people. On that day Satterthwaite was in his glory. His patriotic spirit more than that of any other had evoked and elaborated the matchless success. After the speaking a number of his warm personal friends sat down to dinner at his hospitable table. Among the rest was the gallant Grimes, whom we then saw for the last time. The genius of wit, colloquial fervor, party friendship and courtly hospitality presided over the scene. But though all were joyful, all were hopeful, he was the brightest of all that goodly company.

How he delighted to dispense a generous hospitality at his own home. Successful as a lawyer, and backed by a large clientage, he always had money to make friends and even strangers plenteously welcome at his own fireside. His house was his castle, but it was also the abode of every comfort and pleasure which go to make up the sparkle and cheerful fellowship of life. A man entered through his door as into the Garden of Daphne so brilliantly described by General Wallace in his masterly romance of the East. Statues and pictures there were few, and none of the florid delights which overwhelm the senses, but such a warmth of friendly greeting, such a gleam of domestic happiness, such a luxury of generous entertainment, that his mansion was made to shine from cellar to garret for the delectation of his guest. Alas! shall we see ever again the like of our departed friend, such a happy union of high and noble qualities?

Among all the members of the Beaufort County Bar, in those old days, he was, in the writers judgment, the most striking figure. There were possibly better lawyers in the modern meaning of the term. There were better

conveyances, better technical scholars, and men more learned in precedents and Supreme Court reports. But in profound knowledge of human nature, in depicting the motives and prejudices of witnesses, and before a jury, he had but few equals in his day. This was made manifest in the famous trial of Wash Carawan. The latter was a Primitive Baptist preacher, who murdered a school-teacher in Hyde county from jealousy. The crime was deliberate, surpassingly cold blooded, and surrounded by the most dramatic and tragic circumstances. Never was Eastern North Carolina so wildly excited over a criminal investigation. The case was removed to Beaufort county, where Bryan, Donnell and Satterthwaith appeared for the prisoner. The scene from first to last was worthy the weird genius of the most lurid school of the painters' art. Satterthwaite's management of the jury and his shrewd examination of the witnesses, and his masterly appeals to the sympathies and passions of the triers of the cause, were truly an inspiration of wonder. The prisoner was lost, and perished by his own hand in the court room, but his defense will never fade from the annals of Beaufort county.

As we go back to the scenes of those old days, the faces of the dead seem to rise before us again. They were men when the writer was but a boy. But what a courtly chivalrous band of lawyers they were. How Satterthwaite grasped your fingers with his whole hand. How his great, warm eyes flashed with intelligence and friendship. And how this enthusiasm carried everything before it in the political and social circle. But, alas, the rushing, moaning tide has swept them all away.

JOHN S. LONG,
Attorney of the New Bern Bar.

SIXTH SKETCH.

I approach the subject of the present sketch with most unfeigned diffidence. "'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view" with men as well as mountains. The close approach and microscopic scanning of the most virtuous character discloses unpleasing irregularities, which the eye of the remote spectator never discovers. My close and intimate association with the great advocate whose name heads this article I regard as disqualifying me in some degree to be his biographer. In drawing the life portrait of a departed contemporary, I cannot felicitate myself with Lord Campbell, that from personal observation I am able to employ those "quick alterations of praise and censure," the opportunity for which caused him to esteem Lord Lyndhurst, such a noble subject for his pen. Having said this much, I hasten, from fear of misapprehension, to protest that the failings at which I have hinted, were by no means of that sable tincture which would discolor an otherwise unstained record. They grow out of a generous nature, and were such as a desire to be gracious, kind and agreeable to all classes and characters, a somewhat indiscriminating liberality, and an obviousness to the faults and incapacities of all who loved him, followed by a correspondent desire to advance their interests and aspirations, and an impatience of opposition from those who regarded his favorites with other, if not clearer, vision. But surely these were amiable weaknesses, for, as Burns has beautifully said of another,

....."Yet the light that led astray
was light from heaven."

The great Scotch biographer of his predecessors in

"the marble chair" has forcibly observed, that historians of his description "generally make it equally redound to the credit of their hero whether he be of illustrious or humble parentage, saying with the same complacency, 'he was the worthy decedent of a long line of illustrious ancestors, or, 'he raised himself by his talent, being the first of his race ever known to fame.'" Though, so far as I am aware, Mr. Satterthwaite was the first of his family that ever *achieved* distinction, and as the capricious arbitress of fortune manifested no disposition to *thrust* it upon his ancestors, they were content to deserve it (feeling with the widow Melnotte that this "was almost as good") and to leave a decedent who, if not *born* great, was "fashioned to much honor from his cradle." Nature had bestowed upon him a vigorous constitution an athletic and symmetrical physique, engaging features, and an active, robust and comprehensive intellect. His early education was sadly defective, a misfortune which he never ceased to appreciate and deplore, but which the application and observation of later years repaired to a degree which was almost marvelous. He never became a scholar or a learned lawyer, but it was the admiration of all beholders to witness the adroit, the overwhelming employment of the resources at his command. To recall the paucity of his educational acquirements, and then to see him engage on equal terms, and often victoriously, with such "living oracles" of the law as Rodman and Warren, was to revive the memory of Miltiades and his little band hurling back the Persian myriads on the plain of "gray old Marathon." As Mr. Satterthwaite grew from boyhood to manhood, stronger and other more attractive attributes were developed. His voice became attuned to every note in the gamut of human emotion. In characterizing the oratory of *our* "forest born Demosthenes," I incur, if possible, less risk of exaggeration than was hazarded by

Wirt when he wrote of Henry, "his voice in mild persuasion was soft and gentle as the zephyr of spring, while in rousing his countrymen the winter storm that roars along the troubled Baltic was not more awfully sublime. Every look, every motion, every pause, every start, was completely filled and dilated by the thought which he was uttering, and seemed, indeed, to form a part of the thought itself." As often as I miss the touch of that vanished hand and the sound of a voice that is still, so often am I reminded of the likeness of those melodious accents to the tones of some exquisitely tempered bell. If Edgar Poe had stood by him in some hour of supreme effort to stir men's souls, and caught his varying accents, as merriment moved, or tenderness inspired, or indignation roused, or pathos deepened into grief, he would have heard alternately the crystalline tinkling of his silver sleigh bells; the molten, golden notes of his mellow wedding bells; the clang and clash, and roar of the loud alarm bells; and the melancholy menace of those dread, spirit-rung harbingers of the midnight, which,

" * * * Tolling, tolling, tolling,
In that muffled monotone,
Feel a glory in so rolling
On the human heart a stone."

A large, flexible mouth, eyes full and bright and deep, and often inexpressibly sad of expression, which could beam an epigram or look an elegy, augmented the sum of his wonderful gifts. The delineation is complete when we add to these a dauntless but quiet courage, which shrank from no peril, but disdained all petty occasions of display, so that many a bullying poltroon with "a kill-and-eat-him countenance," mistaking forbearance for timidity, was tempted to offend him irretrievably far before discovering his error and danger. As an advocate, "exceeding wise, fair-spoken and persuading," he was the

Sir James Scarlett of the North Carolina Bar, the greatest forensic orator and the greatest winner of verdicts, I firmly pronounce, that I have ever known. Endowed with the powers I have mentioned, a consummate judge of human nature, and placed by the very defects of his education *en rapport* with the jury, whose modes of thought were his own, his imperfections themselves came to his aid, as did those of Henry Clay when he moved so marvelously *the people* of a Continent. Goethe has wisely said that there is nothing more significant of men's character than what they consider laughable, but as true it is that there is no better test of men's discernment than their power to judge what others will laugh at. Wiser than Goethe was Napoleon when he said that there is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous. Instance Burke's "dagger scene," pilloried in ridicule, and Brougham's kneeling act in the Lord's, embalmed in contempt. But once I saw Mr. Satterthwaite excel these masters. A newly imported Irishman, with an utterly unexpurgated brogue, had given important testimony against his client. In cross-examination Mr. Satterthwaite began a perfect imitation in tone and accent, and echoed every word elicited, from the beginning to the end, the judge not interrupting, and the jury and spectators convulsed with laughter—with what favorable result to the counsel may be well surmised ! In describing Mr. Satterthwaite as a man before the public, I have not scrupled to point out his defects, confident that such a course will redound more to his honor than an indiscriminating panegyric, which would throw suspicion upon even the just praise of his virtues. I now gladly turn to a sphere where even the mildest censure can find no place. *At home*, it seems to me that he was nearly all that man could desire. A kind, indulgent, thoughtful, unselfish husband, father, master and host, he was the very embodiment of domestic virtue. His large-

ness to religion and charity took dimensions rather from his heart than from his purse. More than once on a stormy winter's day have I seen him open his pocket-book for wood sent by his order to *all* the destitute of the town of Washington. Now, that he has gone, let us hope that he realized in life's last struggle the truth of the sweet words of simple Jeanie Deans, that "when the hour of trouble comes to the mind, or the body, and when the hour of death comes—that comes to high and low—then it isna what we have dune for oursels, but what we hae dune for others, that we think an maist pleasantly."

. HUGH F. MURRAY,
Attorney of the Wilson Bar.

SEVENTH SKETCH.

The recent sad announcement of the death of this distinguished North Carolinian, sorrows many a heart outside of the noble old county of Beaufort, which he served so faithfully and loved so well. The eloquent and appropriate eulogies of Major Sparrow and Mr. Shepherd, and of Judges Reade, Moore and Rodman, find melancholy endorsement and a responsive echo in the judgment and mournful sensibilities of thousands of the best men and leading cities all over the State to which he had dedicated so many years of his useful life. A gentleman of his glowing geniality and unbounded hospitality never fails to win admiration and make friends wherever he goes. The testimony given in his own home, and by these accomplished and eminent members aforesaid of the legal profession, of his talents, generosity, legal abilities as an advocate, and high social and domestic virtues, is but the corroborative evidence of his life and character now given in every section of North Carolina, where he was known and justly appreciated. The reputation and usefulness of such a man cannot be confined to any county or district in which he practiced law with so much skill and success. His name was a household word, as it were, all over the State, wherever law and politics were discussed, and his public services and private worth will constitute an integral part of those accumulated and accumulating materials to be used by the historian of the State as he erects our monumental pile of patriotic service, pride, and glory of North Carolina. Not only then has our beloved old Beaufort lost one of her most devoted children and brightest ornaments, but the State at large one of her leading and largest hearted citizens.

"Him we all mourn, his friends still heave the sigh,
 And still the tear stands trembling in the eye,
 His was each mild, each amiable art,
 The gentlest manners and the feeling heart,
 Fair, simple truth, benevolence to all,
 A generous warmth that glowed at friendship's call."

Mr. Satterthwaite was mainly known as a lawyer, legislator, and an eloquent political speaker. Others there are who knew him in his younger years as one of the most successful farmers also in his section of the State. In agricultural enterprise and devotion to internal improvements and material progress, he has an enduring and enviable record not to be forgotten by those who would cherish his memory and virtues and hold up his illustrious career of triumph over early difficulties to the struggling youth of the State. His fondness for rural life and for hunting and his proverbial skill in the chase and in gunning afforded him that relaxation from severe professional labor so necessary for the mind and body of those who would ascend "the steep where fame's proud temple shines afar." The most eminent men in Europe and America this day are those who seek and have a craving for country life and for those manly sports of field and forest so conducive to thought and the highest order of development and usefulness.

Mr. Satterthwaite was born and raised in that hallowed old Pungo, which, embracing the regions of Pantego and Leachville, constitutes the garden spot of the illustrious county of Beaufort. No section of the State is more attractive in fertile lands and other natural resources and advantages than this same old Pungo.

Equally does history prove that her generous soil and atmosphere are most favorable to the production of talent, genius, patriotism, and self-reliant useful men, and noble women. Some of those who have added enduring lustre to the Bar, to the Councils of State, and to other pursuits,

were born and raised in the lower part of Beaufort. The names of William Clark, Esq., Rev. Thomas J. Latham, Hon. Henry S. Clark, more recently of Samuel Windley, and later still of F. B. Satterthwaite, are prominent among the noted dead who richly add to the well earned fame of this cherished region. It is true that, in scanning with proud remembrance the merits and virtues of those and others of her prominent sons, living and dead, we are reminded of the solemn truth, that, "the paths of glory lead but to the grave."

To Pungo, o the whole of Beaufort county, will the fond hearts of native sons turn up and cling with an attachment undiminished, and with an ardor of love and tenderness of affection unchanged, so long as the waters of Tar and Pamlico shall flow to their ocean bed, and so long as a single pine tree in her abundant forests shall remain to wave its evergreen foliage to the impending storm.

S. S. SATCHWELL, M. D., *Pender County.*

EIGHTH SKETCH.

Again we are called upon to chronicle the death of one of our oldest and most prominent citizens. Fenner B. Satterthwaite is no more. On Tuesday evening last, while returning from his office to his residence, he was stricken down by apoplexy. He was borne insensible to his home, and between 9 and 10 o'clock quietly breathed his last. The unremitting attentions of his family and friends, and the most strenuous efforts of his physicians, availed nothing in warding off the sudden and inevitable blow. The news of his death flashed through the town like an electric shock, and scores of anxious friends flocked to his residence to ascertain, alas! the truth of the dread reality.

Fenner B. Satterthwaite was an extraordinary man. His career has been a remarkable one, and the history of his life a vivid illustration of the proverb, that, "every man is the artificer of his own fortune." Mr. Satterthwaite, at the time of his death, was entering upon his 62nd year, having been born near Leachville, Beaufort county, on the 6th of October, 1813. He enjoyed none of the advantages of an early education; and only six months attendance at a country school furnished the humble corner-stone on which was reared the future reputation of the fluent orator and successful advocate.

At the age of 19 he was left an orphan, upon whom devolved the entire care of a large family. In duty and devotion to them he never failed. When twenty years of age, he was united in marriage to Miss Anna Laughinghouse, a lady whose attractive virtues and womanly characteristics have, for more than forty years, cheered

and sustained him in sunshine and in storm. In 1836, a member of the Legislature from Beaufort county, though only 23 years of age, he distinguished himself as a faithful representative and proved an earnest friend of the people. In 1839 he settled on his farm in Pitt county, devoting himself to the pursuit of agriculture and the prosecution of such a course of study as he deemed best calculated to develop and realize the glowing aspirations throbbing within his breast.

In 1842 he became a law student in the office of John S. Hawks, Esq., and was admitted to the Bar in 1843. He was ambitious of political distinction, and early in life had attached himself to the old Whig Party. A more zealous champion never entered the political arena. Through the most heated contests of party strife, extending through a long period of years, he shone conspicuous among the bright galaxy of memorable men, whose energy and eloquence at that time enforced and illustrated the principles of that great party. He was elected from the county of Pitt to the Legislature of 1848-'49. His services in that Legislature have not been forgotten. His reputation as a ready debater was established, and he was recognized both by partizans and opponents as a prominent member of that honorable body. His adroitness, tact and quick appreciation of important measures gave him rank among the first party leaders in the state. His services as Elector in the presidential campaign of Scott and Pierce brought him more prominently before the people, and added to his celebrity as a public speaker. So satisfactory had been his political record in his legislative career, that in the troublesome times of 1861 he was made a member of the Constitutional Convention—and again in the Convention of 1865. During the war he served with honorable distinction as one of the Council of Gov. Vance, availing himself, while in that position,

of every opportunity to administer to the wants and necessities of the oppressed people of Eastern North Carolina.

While reaping these public honors, Mr. Satterthwaite was by no means neglectful of professional advancement. *From* the people, *with* the people, and *for* the people, he knew thoroughly the throbbing of the popular heart, and entered into all their sympathies. On this was based his great professional success. As a jury lawyer he had few equals; in the selection of a jury he had no superior. His knowledge of human nature had been learned in a rough school, and he applied it with masterly success. As a speaker he was earnest, fluent and impressive, and never failed to command attention. To say that his life was a success, is scarcely doing full justice to his achievements, when we consider the narrow means, the defects of education and the many formidable barriers which hedged in the efforts of his early days.

But, aside from the turmoils of the law and the strife of politics, Mr. Satterthwaite was remarkable in a different sphere. In the quiet shades of private life his virtues beamed forth, a joy to his family and a solace to his friends. He was an useful citizen and an excellent neighbor. Social by nature, he was eminently a domestic man, and his genial disposition gave charm to the open-handed unostentatious hospitality which characterized his home. No father could be more devoted; no husband more affectionate. Active in works of benevolence and charity, he was ever ready to take by the hand any young man struggling to climb the rugged hill of life, and extend to him substantial aid and sympathy. Such was the friend whose untimely loss we deplore.

Whatever may have been his faults, the memory of his many noble traits buries them in oblivion forever. For years prior to his death he had been a member of the

Protestant Episcopal Church, and by the interest evinced in her ministrations, inspires us with the cheering belief that "his works had not been in vain."

"Hope looks beyond the bounds of time,
When what we now deplore,
Shall rise in full immortal prime,
And bloom to fade no more."

D. T. TAYLOR, M. D.,
Washington, N. C.

SATTERTHWAITE AS LAWYER AND ORATOR.

Nothing affords me greater pleasure than to recall the days of my association with the Hon. Fenner Bryan Satterthwaite. Some of the dearest memories of my life cling round his venerated name. *Clarum et venerabile nomen.*

My earliest acquaintance with Mr. Satterthwaite began during the war at his country residence—veritably a haven of delight to all who visited it—at which he dispensed a hospitality as broad as his own generous nature.

Although then a mere lad, Mr. Satterthwaite made a very great impression upon me. His courtly urbanity, his frank and generous kindness, and his vigilant care for the pleasure and comfort of those about him, were extended to me, a mere youth, as well as to the most distinguished visitors whom he received. As a boy, I intuitively regarded him as a very unusual man. The experienced judgment of manhood convinced me of the correctness of my boyish impression.

After I came to the Bar I formed an association in the practice of the law with him, which was severed only by his death; and it was during that intimate association that I learned fully to comprehend and appreciate his noble nature and great intellectual endowments. I thought at that time that nature had made Mr. Satterthwaite an extraordinary lawyer; and had he been a close student, I doubt if any of the eminent legal minds who have illustrated and adorned the Judicial History of North Carolina, would much have surpassed him. Maturer years and more extended practice and experience have not made any change in that opinion.

He possessed some faculties in the highest degree that go to make up a great lawyer, practitioner and advocate. He was endowed with reasoning faculties of high order, and a power of analysis that enabled him to present the facts of a case to a jury with singular force. He was gifted with a command of language, extraordinary, that enabled him to convey his thoughts with the utmost ease and power. His words were simple, direct and persuasive, and his utterance was singularly free and bold—He came from the “people” he was raised with them and he knew the methods, the arguments and illustrations that would affect an ordinary jury; and he used them with the rarest skill and accomplished unusual success. As a *nisi prius* lawyer, I expect he had few equals and no superiors in this state.

He was gifted with a memory almost extraordinary in its breadth, compass and retentiveness. I am sure that he never put a burden upon it that it did not bear with the utmost ease; and he never made a draft upon it that was not promptly honored. I have seen him engage in a trial lasting days, and never take a note, and yet repeat the entire evidence with striking accuracy and minuteness. In this respect he was the most remarkable man I ever knew. His perceptive faculties were on a par with his others. He was very quick to see a point and acted promptly—he was full of mental resources and it was a common saying among lawyers that “you might trip Uncle Sat. up whenever you could and he would always catch on his feet.”

He seemed to have wonderful facility for acquiring law, though he studied but little out of books. He would garner up the labors of other lawyers with remarkable ease and appropriate them to his own use and was always judicious in applying what he acquired.

He seemed to have legal intuitions and must have been

gifted in a high degree with what is called a "legal mind."

His voice was a fit instrument for such an intellect—rounded, deep, full, melodious; I think I can hear its magnetic tones now sounding down the lapse of years.

As a political speaker I think Mr. Satterthwaite was one of the most effective I ever heard. His felicity of expression, large power of comparison and illustration, genial humor and voice so rich with melody, made him a commanding power on the "stump," the great forum of American Oratory.

All these splendid faculties were set upon a bed-rock of great "Common Sense," which, although not a faculty of brain, yet is more valuable than all, and without which the greatest intellect may accomplish but little.

When the great adversity that surrounded the early days of Mr. Satterthwaite, the very limited education he received and the circumstances attending his admission to the Bar, are all considered I think he may well be put down as an extraordinary man.

The Bar that he entered was for years composed of the very ablest lawyers of the state, yet he soon acquired and retained all his life a commanding practice. Although his life was crowded with other pursuits as well as law, he maintained his practice and great reputation to the last; and on the day he died he was expected to act as the Chief Council in a very important will suit in a county where he did not practice.

Mr. Satterthwaite's heart was as big as his brain—he loved his friends better than any man I ever knew. I cannot say he hated his enemies. His generous nature was not endowed with that satanic quality. His charity was as broad as his character.

In the years I was with him he gave away about all he made to the poor, and he, in fact and truth, let not his left

hand know what his right hand did. He did not proclaim his charity to the world, but, if all the poor old men and women who have limped in and out his office could speak, they would say that none ever came away empty handed. He had not very many sins, and charity to cover a much greater multitude.

His name and memory are embalmed in the hearts of our people.

Literally a self-made man, his untutored youth expanded into a manhood of commanding influence and power, the peer of the many great men who were his contemporaries.

When he died he left a void which has not been filled.

G. H. BROWN, JR.,
Washington, N. C.

EXTRACT FROM A SERMON,

BY

REV. E. M. GREEN,

*Pastor of the Presbyterian Church, Washington, in which
he very feelingly alludes to Mr. Satterthwaite :*

We would remark, *explicationis gratia*, that a strong tie of amity had formed between these gentlemen ; and the latter was accustomed to quite frequently attend the services of the Presbyterian Church under Mr. Green's direction.

This community has received many solemn admonitions from Divine Providence. It has not been long since a prominent citizen of this town, after a day of ordinary labor, left his office, but before reaching his door fell senseless to the earth, smitten by the Hand of God, and was borne into his house only to breathe his last. The community was startled ! A pall of gloom hung over the town !

As with awed spirits, and solemn hearts, we gathered around him and bore him to his last resting-place, it might have been said of said of him as was said of the great Pitt, when he passed from earth : " London was solemnized for one day." Washington was solemnized for one day. For *one* day ! Soon the impression faded away. We severally resumed our duties and our business, and the lesson of Providence faded from our minds. As some great ship founders at sea, and suddenly goes down in mid-ocean, the waves covering it over and the very spot lost, so he went down, and so was he forgotten, save in *those hearts* which can never forget.

A few days ago a youth (Warwick Telfair) in the early dawn of manhood was suddenly cut down, the second time within a very brief period that the young have been admonished that they are not exempt from the ravages of death; and to-day we will follow to the tomb one (Mr. Gray Griffin) who has long lived among us, and with whom we daily associated—who “being dead yet speaketh”—for stretching out from his dying bed his emaciated hands to heaven, and asking for salvation through a Redeemer's Blood, he warned all who approached his bedside to beware of the fearful error into which he had been betrayed, and not to postpone till a dying hour the great business of life. And yet we close our hearts against these warnings and forget that we must die!

“As from the wing no scar the sky retains,
The parted wave no furrow from the keel,
So dies in human hearts the thought of death.”

MEETING OF COUNTY COMMISSIONERS.

The Board met Monday at 10 o'clock A. M., James L. Fowle presiding. Present: Messrs. B. B. Reaves, B. F. Godley and Churchill Bright. Minutes of last meeting read and approved.

After a few appropriate remarks by the Chairman in regard to the death of F. B. Satterthwaite, Esq., one of the counsels for the Board, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God, in His wisdom, to take from our midst one of the attorneys of this Board and our friend and brother, Fenner B. Satterthwaite, therefore be it

Resolved, That in the death of our esteemed fellow citizen, we recognize the loss of an eminent citizen and a noble man, in whom were embodied most of the virtues that adorn mankind.

Resolved, That this Board collectively and individually hereby tender its sincere sympathy to the bereaved family of the deceased.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be published in the *Echo*, and a copy entered on the minutes and sent to the family.

The Board then, in respect to the deceased, adjourned until Tuesday at 10 o'clock.

THE HON. JESSE J. YEATES,

In a private letter from Murfreesboro, under date of the 1st inst., speaks as follows of the death of our esteemed friend, the late F. B. Satterthwaite, Esq. :—

“I have just read with deep distress and gloom the obituary notice of the death of my esteemed friend, F. B. Satterthwaite, Esq. I little thought, when I parted with him last fall, amidst the joys and pleasures of our grand and glorious celebration of our victory over our country's foes, that it would be the last time that I should behold his honest and manly face. I am in deep sorrow at his death. I trust that his soul is in heaven. I will ever remember and hold dear the memory of F. B. Satterthwaite.”

MEETING OF THE BAR.

At 12 o'clock on last Wednesday, immediately after a recess of the Superior Court of this county, a meeting of the Bar of this (the Second) Judicial District was held, for the purpose of paying a tribute of respect to the memory of Fenner B. Satterthwaite, Esq., who died suddenly on the 23rd of March last.

The meeting was largely attended, there being present Judges Reade and Rodman, of the Supreme Court, Judge Moore, the presiding Judge of the Court, now in session, and, in addition to the Bar of Washington, Maj. Henry A. Gilliam, of Chowan, Capt. T. J. Jarvis, and Germain Bernard, Esq., of Pitt, Maj. L. C. Latham, of Washington, and Col. D. M. Carter, of Raleigh.

On motion of Maj. Sparrow, the meeting was organized by the appointment of Judge Rodman, Chairman, and James E. Shepherd, Esq., Secretary.

Judge Rodman, on taking the Chair, said :

Brethren of the Bar of the Second Judicial District :

We have assembled for the purpose of expressing our regret at the loss of our professional brother, Fenner B. Satterthwaite, whom it has pleased God to take away from us, and of testifying to the world our respect for his memory. Eulogy from me at this moment would be premature.

A motion by Maj. Thos. Sparrow that a committee of three be appointed to prepare resolutions expressive of the sense of the meeting was adopted, and the Chairman appointed Col. D. M. Carter, Major Henry Gilliam and Thos. Sparrow, who retired and in a short time returned and reported the following resolutions :

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God to remove

from our midst Fenner B. Satterthwaite, the senior member of this Bar, by a sudden and unexpected death ; and whereas, we, the members of the Bar of this Second Judicial District, have assembled in public meeting to take proper notice of this sad event ; therefore be it

Resolved, That in the death of our late comrade and brother, we mourn the loss of our oldest and one of our ablest members, who has endeared himself to each of us by his uniform social and professional courtesy, and has won the public esteem and confidence by his signal skill and talent in our honorable profession.

Be it further Resolved, That we tender to the bereaved family of the deceased our deep sympathy and condolence in their irreparable loss.

Resolved, That these resolutions be presented to the Court, with a request that they be entered upon its minutes, and that a copy thereof be transmitted to the family of our deceased brother.

Resolved, That the members of this meeting wear the usual badge of mourning for thirty days in token of our respect.

D. M. CARTER,
H. A. GILLIAM,
T. SPARROW.

The resolutions were unanimously adopted, and the Chairman addressed the meeting in an earnest and appropriate manner regarding the character of the deceased, and expressive of his sympathy for the bereaved family.

It was also resolved that the proceedings of the meeting be published in the *Washington Echo*.

The meeting then adjourned.

WM. B. RODMAN, *Chairman*.

JAS. E. SHEPHERD, *Secretary*.

Upon the resumption of business by the Court, Judge Rodman presented a copy of the resolutions to His Honor, Judge Moore, and asked that they be spread upon the minutes of the Court. The request was cheerfully granted by the Court.

EULOGIES.

The following are the eulogies delivered at the meeting of the Bar of this District to give expression of the exquisite sorrow felt, and irreparable loss sustained, at the death of the late F. B. Satterthwaite, Esq.:

REMARKS OF JUDGE E. G. READE.

Mr. Chairman :—I had not the pleasure of a long intimate acquaintance with our deceased brother, as most of those who surround me had, but I had known his reputation for a long time. We lived in different parts of the State, but his name was favorably known to the profession everywhere. I never heard a Judge, who had rode this circuit, speak of the profession in the circuit, that he did not name Mr. Satterthwaite as a man of great ability and an advocate of great powers.

In his death the profession has lost an honorable member.

I have occasionally met him in political bodies, and I bear testimony to his courtesy, ability and patriotism. In the State Convention of 1865-'66 he was sometimes called to the chair, and although he had not much experience as a presiding officer, yet I thought him one of the best in the body.

The State has lost a useful and honorable citizen.

Judging from what I have observed during my short residence here, he was a popular and useful member of this community. He did not allow his exalted position to place a distance between him and his neighbors; but he had a hand and heart for every worthy man; and his hospitality was unbounded. The respect and affection of his neighbors was strongly manifested by the

unusual numbers that gathered at his burial. And it was gratifying to see a number of colored persons manifesting their regard by keeping up on foot with the carriages for several miles to his grave. I understand that it was characteristic with Mr. Satterthwaite, as indeed it has always been with the profession, to guard their interests, and to protect them in all their rights: and no doubt they duly appreciated it.

His loss will be severely felt in this community.

It would be unseemly in me to speak of his domestic relations, and of his loss to his family. A stranger must not intrude there. His widow and children cannot be comforted by any word of mine, however much in sympathy spoken. A kind Providence alone can, as I hope a kind Providence will, soothe their grief.

“The gentlest flower bedrenched with rain,
Still lifts its head and smiles again,
When morning light dispels the cloud,
Which lately thundered fast and loud,—
And may their hearts be as the flower.”

This mysterious Providential event, ought to have its influence upon us all. Walking from his office to his dwelling at the close of the business of the day, he was stricken down with apoplexy, and died almost immediately! Why was that his fate instead of mine, or yours? It may be ours at any hour. It will be ours soon to die. No word of caution or of warning from our deceased brother in his lifetime could have had the force to remind us of the uncertainty of life which his mysterious death has had. There stands the fact, stronger than a thousand witnesses, that there is only a moment between time and eternity. In the midst of life we are in death.

EULOGY II.

REMARKS OF JUDGE W. A. MOORE.

Mr. Chairman :—My intimate acquaintance with Mr. Satterthwaite commenced in 1871, when I was appointed presiding Judge of this District. His genial disposition, courteous bearing, magnanimity of soul and sympathy with the distressed, won my esteem, admiration and affection.

Others can more properly speak of his social and domestic virtues. His life-long friends will here recall them, and this community will never forget them.

I desire to revive and fondly cherish the memory of his relations to the Bench and Bar ; to speak of him in the discharge of his professional duties ; his conflicts ; his bearing under defeat and in the moment of victory. Here Mr. Chairman, his excellent qualities shone pre-eminently.

He always espoused with enthusiasm the cause committed to his hands, exhausted every resource, but never, even in the excitement of debate, could he forget the most respectful deference to the Bench, and the most chivalrous courtesy to his adversary. I cannot remember that I have ever heard him utter one word under excitement, that he should have wished unsaid in his cooler moments. In this high quality he had no superior and few equals.

He was always strong before the Court or jury, but in his appeals for mercy, he filled the full measure of his manhood. Here his whole soul was aroused, and

finding utterance through his grand eyes, mellifluous voice, graceful action and splendid elocution, he was almost irresistible.

But he is gone. He stands at the Bar of the Great and Final Judge. Let us humbly trust, that there he may find that mercy, which for others he always invoked.

EULOGY III.

REMARKS OF JUDGE W. B. RODMAN.

Judge Rodman said :—I hope my brethren of the Bar will excuse me if, before I submit the resolutions for their adoption, I add a few feeble words to what has been so justly and so feelingly said in commendation of our departed brother.

I have been professionally associated with him longer than any of you. When I came to the Bar of this Court in 1835, he had been a member of the Legislature, and I found him a Justice of the Peace, sitting on the bench of the County Court. Soon afterwards he had some occasion for legal advice, and, led I suppose by his disposition to help young lawyers—a disposition which lasted him through life—he consulted me. He was among the first of my clients. Soon afterwards he became a member of the Bar himself. As such we all know him familiarly. In many respects he was a model advocate. He was zealous for the interests of his client; but his zeal never lead him into unfairness, or indiscreet passion. He resembled the great English advocate, Sir James Scarlett, of whom it was said he controlled a jury by becoming one of them. He seemed to hold his finger on the pulse of a jury, and to be able to judge how its blood run. He never went so far but that he could feel that they were in sympathy with him, and probably *he never lost a verdict which he ought to have gained*. Above all, whatever asperities might occur in debate; whatever irritation the heat of argument might give rise to on either side, when the case was given to the jury, and his responsibility was discharged, no remnant of ill-temper towards the

opposing counsel lingered in his mind. It was too magnanimous for that. I fear it will be long, if ever, before we see at this Bar his superior in the abilities of an advocate, or the graces and virtues of a gentleman.

I often met our deceased brother in the hospitality and intimacy of his family. In all his domestic relations he was beyond reproach. Never, in all that intimacy, did I hear him utter a cross word to any member of his family, or even to one of his servants.

He was by a few years my senior in age. I am his senior at the Bar. His lamented death leaves me in both ways the senior member of this Bar.

It is one of the sad necessities of life, that, if we live long, we outlive our early friends. How sad this is, none but those who have experienced it can tell.

EULOGY IV.

REMARKS OF MAJOR THOS. SPARROW.

Mr. Chairman :—You and I are the only survivors of the Washington Bar, as I found it when I came here eighteen years ago. John S. Hawks, Matthew Shaw, Richard S. Donnell, Jesse Stubbs, Edward Stanley, and, lastly, our friend Fenner B. Satterthwaite, all of them, honored in their lives, have left us, beloved and lamented in their deaths. It reminds us of “what shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue.”

“Friend after friend departs,
Who hath not lost a friend ?
There is no union here of hearts
That hath not here an end.”

There never breathed a more generous spirit than Fenner B. Satterthwaite. His surpassing abilities as an advocate, his readiness, his fluency, his tact in the successful conduct of a cause, have already been portrayed, and I need not further speak of them.

He had an open heart, an open hand, an open purse and an open door for all. He was pre-eminently hospitable, charitable and forgiving. He bore no malice and harbored no resentments. Of all men I ever knew, he could with more propriety repeat the well known lines of Pope :

“Teach me to feel another’s woe,
To hide the faults I see ;
That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me.”

My relations to him were somewhat peculiar, and with two slight interruptions, kindly and usually confidential.

When as yet a boy I first left home on a horseback journey to the county of Hyde, I found entertainment at his hospitable mansion near Leachville, he having but recently been married. It was then and there our intimacy begun. I experienced then and there that generous, whole hearted welcome, which so many of the people of Beaufort and other counties in North Carolina have until the day of his death enjoyed in so pre eminent a degree.

When I went to Raleigh and appeared before the Supreme Cour (Gaston, Ruffin and Daniel on the Bench) as an applicant for County Court license, Satterthwaitewas there an applicant for his Superior Court license. It was in 1844. In 1847, shortly after my removal to this town from my native town of New Berne, I accompanied him to a field of honor in Virginia as his friend. Though of a kindly nature, he was a man of courage, and gave such honorable evidence of this high quality on this occasion, that all the world will bear me witness of the fact. He never afterwards, in our long and familiar intercourse alluded to the subject of this difficulty. He banished it from his heart and from his mind.

We often canvassed the county of Beaufort together, both before and since the war. In our last canvass for the Legislature in 1873, he was in the habit of beginning every speech with the solemn declaration, that he "had turned the crook in the road and was on the down hill of life." What I then thought a figure of speech only, has proved to be a melancholy reality. He has left us. "The silver cord has been loosed, the golden bowl been broken, the pitcher been broken at the fountain, the wheel been broken at the cistern. The dust has returned to the earth as it was, and the spirit unto God who gave it." It is sad to know that we shall never again look

upon his familiar face, at his office or on these streets, nor listen to the tones of his melting and silver voice in this courtroom, marshalling his jurors in a cause, examining and cross-examining a witness, with his masterly skill; nor pleading, with tearful eye and melting heart, for some poor and innocent offender against the laws. It is sad to know that death did not come to him in its milder aspect, as to "one who wraps the drapery of his couch about him and lies down to pleasant dreams." Always dreaded, its approach to him was simply appalling. The great adversary lurked stealthily for him in his pathway from his office to his home, leaped suddenly upon him, and struck him down in his pride and in his manhood, ere he had reached its threshold. God grant that you and I may be spared a similar experience. "Let us also be ready, for in such an hour as we think not the Son of Man cometh."

EULOGY V.

REMARKS OF JUDGE JAMES E. SHEPHERD.

Mr. Chairman :—After the feeling and impressive remarks of the gentlemen who have spoken, I had almost concluded not to attempt to add anything to what has been so eloquently and appropriately expressed ; but, sir, my heart, in its deep and earnest sympathy, prompts me to say something in respect to our deceased brother, however unpretending the tribute may be.

Death, sir, that needs must come to us all—the high and the low, the rich and the poor, the old and the young—and whose awful fiat no earthly tribunal can set aside, has appeared in our midst, and, with the suddenness of the lightening's flash, has stricken down in the height of his intellectual strength and usefulness, one of the most distinguished citizens of our county and one of the most prominent members of our Bar.

It was not my privilege to have known our deceased brother in the earlier years of his life, and, therefore, I have but little personal knowledge regarding the history of his extraordinary career ; I say extraordinary career, sir, because of the many difficulties he had to contend with in attaining the high position which he achieved. I have been told by a member of his family that he attended school only six months, and that in early manhood he had to clerk in a store and labor in the field for a period extending over four years. But the genius of the man could not be stifled by this pressure upon his time ; performing faithfully and zealously the duties that devolved upon him, he yet devoted himself to the im-

provement of his mind, and the developing the talent that he knew was within him. Industry and perseverance enabled him to conquer the difficulties that begirt his path, and he came forth to take his proper position among his fellow-citizens who, be it to their honor said, yielded to him that support and encouragement which his industry, talents, and perseverance deserved, and elected him a member of the Legislature of his native state. After this he studied law and was admitted to the Bar. Of his rapid success in the profession which he had chosen, and in the public positions to which he was called, it is needless for me to speak ; for his reputation is well known and has become, I might say, without exaggeration, a part of the history of the state.

Those early struggles of our deceased brother, crowned as they were with such brilliant success, furnish a striking and useful example to those similarly situated ; an example which should teach them that, however numerous the obstacles they are battling against, and however dark the cloud which overhangs them, indomitable courage and perseverance, armed with a laudable ambition, with God's help, will win the victory. Those early efforts of our brother may well be considered as "footsteps on the sands of time ;"

"Footsteps which another,
Sailing o'er life's stormy main,
Some forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, may take heart again."

Mr. Satterthwaite was particularly distinguished as an advocate, and many, many days will come and pass away before his rich and musical voice will be forgotten. He was a great jury lawyer, and such were his qualities that there were some critical cases in which his place could scarcely have been filled.

But however great his ability at the Bar and in the public positions he occupied, there was that in him which his family and friends will remember with even more pride and gratification. I speak, sir, of that kindly manner, that unbounded hospitality, and that liberality to the poor and distressed, which were his distinguishing characteristics ; characteristics, sir, which could only mark a man of a large and generous heart. A great writer has said—I slightly paraphrase—that in the dread hour of death, “it is not what we have done for ourselves, but what we have done for others, that we think on most pleasantly.” If our deceased friend ever reviewed his long and varied life, sure am I that the thought of the many charitable acts which he performed were more pleasant and satisfactory to him than the remembrance of any distinctions and honors he may have won. He will be missed, sir. His friends will miss him. He was always affable and agreeable, and always endeavoring to please and entertain. There was about him a kind of magnetism, very hard to explain, but which, when once felt, was very hard to be forgotten.

His clients will miss him, for he was ever zealous in the advancement of their interests and in the advocacy of their claims. His eloquent voice is stilled in death and will no longer be heard within these walls.

His family will miss him ! ah, how much, no mortal tongue can tell ! for he was a devoted husband and parent. I have been told, sir, that just before he became unconscious, his eyes rested upon the faithful partner of his joys and sorrows. It is a beautiful thought to cherish, that she who was with him in happiness and affliction, in hope and despondency, in light and in gloom ; she who had climbed with him the rugged hill of life ; had stood with him upon its sun-capped summit, and with him was descending to the other side, should

have been near in his *last* struggle, and that her earnest, anxious and loving face was the last earthly object he looked upon as he passed into the dark and silent valley !

All of us will miss him, sir ; and the thought of his many kindly and charitable deeds will long keep his memory green in the hearts of his friends and acquaintances.

AN ADDRESS,

*Delivered by Mr. Satterthwaite before Esperanza
Lodge, Pitt County, 1845.*

Noble Grand, and Brothers, Ladies and Gentlemen;—

The occasion which has assembled us together to-day, is one of interest to the heart of every sincere philanthropist. We have not met to wage the contest of heated party conflict, or with demonstrations of joy and exultation, to celebrate any great political triumph, or to echo back any pealing shout of victory, that comes from some distant battlefield, where the shrieks and groans of the vanquished and dying are mournfully blended with the triumphs of the victor. Where the laurel has been stained with the widow's tear, and the glad song of the conqueror is saddened with the wailing cry of the fatherless and destitute.

No, my brethren and fellow-citizens, we have not met for purposes and in honor of triumphs of this nature. But we have met to honor by our presence to-day an institution which has achieved glories far more noble and enduring than any the partizan ever accomplished, and laurels far brighter and more lasting than any that ever wreathed the sword.

'Tis true we come this day to rejoice over our triumphs. We come with the glow and animation of victory stirring our veins—victories, too, won amid tears and groans. But our triumph is to wipe away those tears, and to stifle those groans with the sweet whisper of peace and consolation and comfort. We have assembled this day

and dedicated a hall to the principles of *charity, benevolence* and *brotherly love*. We have this day planted among you a scion from the tree of *Odd Fellowship*, and the occasion is eminently appropriate for a plain, brief, and practical discussion of the principles, plans, purposes, and objects of that institution.

The Order of Odd Fellowship has so widely diffused itself within a few years past, extending and unfolding itself like some flourishing tree, branching and germinating in every city, town, village and hamlet, that public attention is naturally becoming every day more and more attracted towards its operations, and scanning more particularly its fruits. It is, therefore, our duty no less than our pleasure, whenever an opportunity offers to unfold to the world its character, tendencies and operations, so far as this may be done consistently with that amount of secrecy enjoined as a part of its obligation. This is a duty particularly obligatory on us in a country like ours, where the whole authority of government is derived from the consent of the governed. All citizens are therefore deeply interested in every organization founded, and every principle agitated amongst them, as they *may* possibly have some bearing for good or evil upon their institutions and may thereby effect the future destiny of society. We, therefore, freely admit the claim of public curiosity, and ask but the candid, impartial and unprejudiced judgment of mankind after our deeds shall be made known, and we fear not to meet the strictest application of that safe and wise test—"By their fruits shall ye know them."

Before entering into any discussion of the objects, plans and purposes of Odd Fellowship, I feel that I shall better prepare the minds of my audience for a fair hearing and judgment as to its claims upon their favor and esteem, when I announce that our Order lays title to

nothing in its name which it cannot boast of in its real character.

It is emphatically an institution *independent* of all other societies, human or divine. It knows *no creed, no sect, no party*. It does not come in conflict with any class or denomination of men. It has been a common objection urged against our Order, (as against every other organization of men, having for its object the amelioration of man's moral condition,) that such societies are infringing upon the sacred office of the Christian Church. Far be it from any one, and nothing could be farther from the thought of him who now addresses you, than to derogate from her sublime magnificence and superiority over temples made by human hands. As the sun knows no rival in the heavens, but shines on in undiminished splendor and glory, eclipsing *all* by the brilliancy of his rays, and the myriad of orbs that revolve around in boundless space can but reflect his golden beams, so stands the Christian Church upon earth; a monument of divine goodness, wisdom and beneficence, which no work of human hands or minds can ever hope or dare to rival. Let it not be supposed, therefore, that our institution is antagonistic to any church or creed. On the contrary, the very principles of our Order are such as meet with the concurrence and approbation of good men everywhere, and of every sect and faith and ensure to us that harmony and unity of sentiment which is the very soul of our fraternity, and which is extending its happy influences, wide as the limits of civilization itself.

There is but one faith professed, one lesson inculcated throughout the whole, one idea worshipped, professed and practiced by its votaries: these are *benevolence, charity and brotherly love*, principles as eternal as that Great Being from Whom they emanated, and which are bringing and binding hearts from every clime, and under

every sun, with the strongest ties of a generous and wide expanded sympathy. Yes, my brethren and fellow-citizens, from the icy, frozen north to the balmy, sunny south ; from the smiling horizon in the east to where the Sun makes his gilded ocean bed in the west ; everywhere beneath the wide-stretched conopy of heaven, *Odd-Fellowship* finds a resting-place and a home, and wipes away the tear of distress, and gives to the houseless wanderer joy and gladness. The altar fires of our Order that are blazing with us here are also felt in the far off wastes of California, and amid the table-lands of Mexico. Our temple dome reflects the glitter of Heaven's bright stars in every land, and the area of our domain is circumscribed only by the limits of civilized man's habitation.

Such, my brethren and fellow citizens, is the extent and universality of our mystic tie ; such the independent nature of our institution ; such the unity and harmony of its design, *and such* the efficacy of those few but cardinal virtues, which she inculcates in uniting the hearts of the good and humane of all sects and denominations of men throughout this habitable earth.

And in view of these characteristics of our Order, may we not well boast that ours is no sectarian institution, and the mode of our operations no warfare upon men or any of their associations ?

How fully and emphatically do we realize those beautiful lines of the poet :

“ Ours are the plans of fair delightful peace,
Unwarped by party rage, to live like brothers.”

We have thus endeavored to rid your minds of any prejudice that might originate from supposing that we array ourselves in competition with the Church or any other institution.

Let us now pass to the nature of our fraternity and the objects it seeks to accomplish. In conducting my en-

quiries into the character of Odd-Fellowship, I shall not stop to amuse your curiosity by attempting any profound speculation as to its birth and origin. This, to be sure, is a question that might interest and engage the attention of the curious investigator, but can have but little *practical* influence or importance. For whether the corner-stone of our Order is found amid the relics and rubbish of a dim and distant antiquity, or shining with the polish and finish of a more modern day ; whether its fabrics, in all its majestic and beautiful proportions, first arose on the soil of England, or it was here that its architecture was planned and erected by the strong minds and ingenious hands of our own American ancestors, it matters not ; for after all it is only by our real and substantial merits that we are to be judged. It would not be the only nor the best test of durability of our structure, that it looked scarred and scathed by the lightnings of many years, or that it stood grim, gray and gloomy with the gathered moss of centuries. The progressive spirit of mankind, assisted by the lights of long experience, has been manifested, and is daily being exhibited in the improvement of plans of human government and of all those appliances, inventions and contrivances which are designed for man's superior comfort and happiness. Hence, may we not well argue (even assuming ours to be a modern institution), that *age* is not the only criterion of merit, but that beauty, excellence, grandeur, and usefulness may be the discovery and accomplishment of a comparatively modern era.

Our Order boasts not of aristocratic origin—no noble parentage nursed its tender growth—it is of humble birth. A few poor and pious men, banded together for the mutual support of their families and themselves, gave the institution its birth and its name.

We offer them to your view this day, fellow citizens, our temple and its structure, as it now exists and stands

with all its features and proportions, in plain and open view for your inspection and scrutiny. The foundation of its fabric is universal *brotherhood* ; its strong pillars are "*Friendship, Love and Truth.*" The principle and doctrine of its faith is that *man* is a social being, bound to sympathize with, to aid, protect, and administer comfort to his unfortunate or suffering fellow man. The whole and only operation which it seeks to accomplish, the entire mission which it seeks to fulfil, is to build up and sustain among men a system of active practical benevolence, which shall diffuse throughout society and throughout the whole world the healing and assuaging influence of a wide-spread beneficence and charity.

The whole design of all our works, the mainspring of our action, the grand and momentous secret of Odd-Fellowship, is fully revealed and enhanced in that one word, *Charity*, universal Charity. And is this world of ours not often in need of such comfort and consolation as flows from Odd-Fellowship ?

Let no man take his stand on the prosperity of the present hour and defy misfortune ; let no one wrap himself up in his cloak of selfishness, like *Diogenes of old*, and refuse to give or receive sympathy. There was something which even Diogenes wanted, and history is full of examples of the instability of fortune. The fallen *Wolsey* was not the first who found occasion to moralize on the state of man : "To-day he puts forth the tender leaves of hope ; to-morrow blossoms and bears his blushing honors thick upon him ; the third day comes a frost, a killing frost, and when he thinks good easy man surely full, his greatness is a ripening—nips his root and then he falls, as I do."

Cannot each one of us call to mind examples which have occurred in our immediate path of life, teaching the mutability of all things human. Contemplate the picture

of life as blackened, blight of crime or shadowed by the deep gloom of poverty, sorrow and misery, its heart-revolting scene stretched out before you. See sin and villainy stalking with an impudent and confident air, as under the mantle of midnight darkness, they go forth to their deeds of hellish wickedness and depravity. See fraud (under the mask of friendship) pilfering the weak and ignorant, and duplicity and deceit cheating under the garb of honesty and candor. See cold and heartless selfishness luxuriating amid ill-gotten gains, while squalid but honest poverty is shivering, hungry and in rags. See hundreds and thousands suffering with the pinching pains of want, that the crumbs from the rich man's table would relieve, and yet they are starving, unpitied in solitary misery. See sickness and disease, as with ghastly stare and skeleton finger they are clutching at the heart-strings of the poor, dying, friendless wretch, and no one by his couch to soothe his dying pillow or wipe the death damp from his cold brow, or administer the cooling drop to his burning lips. See the grave, yawning in gloomy and almost solitary mournfulness, with no weepers by to moisten the clay, as with sad and rumbling sound its clods are heaped above the icy remains of some poor, friendless and forsaken departed. See the widowed mother, like Hagar in the wilderness, doomed to listen to the dying groans and look upon the closing eyes of some loved child, with no sympathizing heart near to offer its consolation, no friendly hand extended to relieve. See the poor orphan, reared in ignorance, the noble faculties implanted by God in his mind lying waste and uncultured, while all the passions of his young and pliant heart are left exposed to the influence of evil, and maturing in sin and guilt and depravity. In a word, see all this beautiful earth of ours, one vast Lazar-house of disease and one field of strife and con-

tion, from which sighs and groans, and curses and imprecations, are continually going up to heaven invoking divine compassion or interposition. And when the angel of mercy on heaven-tinted pinions is abroad on her errand of love throughout the skies, is here no field *o'er* which to stoop from her ariel height and shed around her benignant smiles? Is here no field for charity, benevolence and brotherly love? Here then, fellow citizens, behold the ground upon which Odd-Fellowship has built its edifice, and the battle ground upon which she has erected her standard. It is amid scenes like these, which we have attempted to describe, that we are endeavoring to develop our capabilities for usefulness, by arresting this tide of social and physical evil, which, like a deluge, would seem in time (if unstaid by some potent agency) to submerge the family of mankind in one vortex of misery and despair. It is a beautiful feature of our Order, that in thus endeavoring to ameliorate human condition, and alleviate human suffering, and provide against the evils of human depravity, we practice no *exclusive* philanthropy, but the *worthy* in any rank, and class, and occupation are gladly welcomed to gather with us around our loved hearth-stone. It is the loveliest feature of that heaven-born nymph, "*Charity*," that she disregards the vain and empty titles and distinctions that *men* would seek to set up, and in a sanctuary dedicated to her homage. *All* who are worthy, whether rich or poor, humble or exalted, titled or unknown, from the proudest nabob, luxuriating in all the pride and pomp of boundless wealth and splendor, to the poorest Lazarus, languishing at his gate, all with us are compelled to kneel upon the same platform. All, too, are equally required to labor in performing the offices of brotherly love and sympathy, which we inculcate, and with equal cheertulness to each and every member of our fraternity. A brother, however low his

degree, if distressed, is to be aided and comforted ; if sick, to be watched and nourished ; if dead, to be decently buried. If his widow is left in need, she, too, is to be provided for ; his orphans, if destitute, are to be instructed and educated. The stranger, if in want, and unfortunate and friendless, is to be succored and provided for. And the afflicted in all cases, and by whatever form of distress, if he has the key to unlock the door of entrance to our fellowship and communion, is to be succored, provided for, and received into a brotherly and sustaining embrace. Surely, then, an institution having these benevolent purposes in view, should well challenge the admiration and favor of mankind.

But it is another feature of our Order that the charity thus bestowed, and the benefits thus effected, are silent and noiseless as the stealing march of time ; like the gentle and refreshing dews of evening that form unheard and unseen. The charity we teach and practice is often reaching forth its hand and wiping away the orphan's tears and stifling the desolate widows' heart-rending sobs and cries, " but who knoweth its comings in or goings forth ? " We can follow in the track of the desolating whirlwind and count the objects which have fallen victims to its fury, but who has explored the den, where it once slumbered in silence and sleep ? We can view the shivered oak, and the lifeless remains of some dearly cherished object which the lightning has blasted with its stroke. But who has seen the hand that winged the messenger of desolation or sent it on its errand of demolition and death ? So it is, my friends and fellow citizens, with the secret operations of our Order.

Thousands of hearts that were at one time almost pulseless have been made to bound with joy and gladness without even seeing or knowing the hand that administered to them the cordial of comfort. From the

eyes of thousands and tens of thousands who once bent beneath the heavy oppression of sorrow and affliction, are streaming now the tears of joy and gladness which, catching the smile of heaven, and reflecting back its rays, are converted into sparkling gems, the proudest and richest that could deck any earthly crown. And yet the hand that brought such priceless blessings and comfort and joy is unseen and unknown. It was the injunction of our Saviour Himself—"Let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth."

And again it was said by Him "Let thine alms be in secret, and thy father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly." It is in strict conformity to these divine precepts that we practice our deeds of *benevolence and charity*. And in view of its triumph and success, and the progress to which it has attained, does it need, my fellow-citizens, the array of and statistical facts to establish its claims upon your confidence and esteem? Look around you in every section where its temples have been reared; behold everywhere its sustaining arm bearing up the weak and oppressed, and alleviating the pangs of the suffering; behold it bringing together under the broad folds of its mantle the bowed down and oppressed of every country, clime and kindred, and enstamping upon *all* the signet of its mystic brotherhood; behold it as it stands in its majesty and sublimity, set like some eternal city upon a hill, shining by its own light, whose rays are fast penetrating a world of sorrow and sin and misery, and is lighting up the hearts of thousands with joy and gladness!

But, my brethren, there is another point of view in which our institution may be regarded, that it seems to me must commend it to the favor of every benevolent and charitable philanthropist in the land. We cannot well estimate the value and importance which confers and extends that

greatest of all blessings in a free Republican government like ours, the inestimable treasure of education.

This feature alone, then, of our Order, that it gives to the indigent orphan an education, should endear it with the strongest and warmest affection to the heart of every sincere lover of our country. It has been beautifully said, "*The mind of a nation is its noblest treasure, and in proportion as it glows and glitters with such jewels will be the purity of its government, and the permanency of its institutions.*" It is undeniably true that education is one of the chief agents in preserving both religious and civil liberty, and nothing can have a more wholesome check upon the fanatic or intriguing demagogue. The influence of Odd Fellowship, then, as a dispenser of the lights of intelligence and instruction, must be felt in a government like ours, by aiding to uphold the majesty of the laws and constitution, and preserving in their pristine purity, our free Republican institutions. We know it is the common cry of demagogues, that secret societies are dangerous to our government, and hence we have seen an attempt to foster an opposition, and organize a party whose aim and object was to pull down the time-honored structure of another society, whose designs seem closely allied in their nature with those we cherish. But *what* we confidently ask is, can there be in Odd Fellowship, either in its plans, organization, or the purposes it seeks to accomplish anything, to excite the apprehension of the most wakeful sentinel our political rights? On the contrary, are not its tendencies in every respect in favor of the preservation of our institutions, and conservative of our liberties? What can have a more humanizing influence over the angry passions, and discordant dispositions of our natures, and thus better soften the acerbity of heated party conflicts, to which our people are so peculiarly exposed, than that doctrine and

teaching of brotherly love and harmony, which is the very foundation stone of our super-structure? Again, who will say that the heart which feels the deepest for human woe is that part which is least susceptible of patriotic devotion? Or, that the hand which has oftenest wiped away the tear of distress and sorrow, is therefore the less nerved to strike in defense of our country's honor? As an eloquent brother has said—"No blood that stains the battle field of Rio Grande, or dyes the burning sands of Mexico, shines more brightly than that which was shed by Odd Fellows." Among the gallant spirits who flew to their country's banner in the hour of danger, and who now only wait the signal to join their fellow countrymen in the field, there are hundreds and thousands of Odd Fellows who would rush with eagerness around their country's flag, and, if necessary, give up their lives, and their fortunes to save their country's glory. Let no one, then, suppose we are less patriotic because we are zealous Odd Fellows.

Be assured that the element which any may complain of our Order exists only in relation to the mystical signs and ceremonies by which we are distinguished from the rest of the world, and have been adopted only for that purpose and to shield our fraternity from dangerous intrusion. We have been influenced in the adoption of these, by no desire to mystify the world and excite its gazing curiosity. Our *principles* involve no secret or mystery. They are inscribed in glowing characters in the broad open light of day, and before the eyes of the whole world, where all who run may read, and understand. Let no one be caught by the glare of our emblems and regalias. They were not invented to lure the fanciful, or attract the giddy. It is true they possess a meaning, each one of them, and carry to the understanding of a brother, a deep lesson of wisdom and virtue, but

to the outside world they are but external glitter and show. It is then for the *sound and excellent principles* which we promulgate, for the *sterling cardinal virtues* which we teach, and for the *benevolent and charitable practices* which we enjoin, that we rely for the good opinion of mankind.

In conclusion then of this part of my address, I would say, "think not our deeds are evil" because they are not more openly performed.

Judge us free from all suspicion. The whole lesson and faith which we inculcate may be summed up in a few brief sentences and they are such as have met with the concurrence, and enlisted the co-operation of the Christian and philanthropist in every part of the civilized world. They consist of a belief in God, and veneration for His Holy Name; a love for our fellow creatures; charity for his faults and foibles; a feeling for his weakness and infirmity; sympathy for his wants and sufferings. And it is one of the main duties in the life of an Odd Fellow, day after day, to testify by his continual observance of these teachings, his faithfulness and adherence to his obligations.

It affords me much pleasure to assure you that among all the obligations and duties of Odd-Fellowship, there are none more imperative upon our members than those relating to the female sex. No one can be a good Odd-Fellow who is not a good husband, a good father, an obedient son, an affectionate brother, and a faithful lover. To my fair hearers who have honored us with their presence, and their smiles on this occasion, I would say, that while you are not permitted (from your delicate natures) to engage in the laborious duties of turning over and tiling the clods of the earth, the perils of war, or the tumult of politics, so you are also excluded from the laborious duties incident to our society. But you

have allotted to you a noble duty, that of moulding the youthful mind and giving character to succeeding ages. 'Tis *your* lot to control the stormy passions of men, open to them, the purest sources of happiness, and prompt them, to the love of virtue and religion. What a noble office is allotted to you by your Creator! First, to scatter your charms around us, to sweeten existence itself, then, like angels, to soothe us on the bed of death, and point us to another, and better life. You are justly regarded by all good Odd-Fellows as heaven's *last, best, gift to man*.

And now, my brethren of Esperanza Lodge, I have endeavored to discharge the duty with which your kind partiality has honored me, and while I feel grateful to you for the honor, I regret very much that some other gentlemen of more leisure and ability than I have been able to command, had not been selected to address this enlightened audience to-day, in a manner commensurate with the dignity and importance of the occasion. But, my brethren, I feel greatly relieved in my embarrassment and difficulty, when I reflect that after all, our institution was founded and designed to *shine* by the light of its *labor* and *works*. Its fame need not, nor could it derive anything from the polished and sparkling tribute of eloquence, to enable it to live with an undying lustre among men. May we not well anticipate the glad day when those benign principles which we inculcate, *Friendship, Love, and Truth*, shall shed their influence on all of our people, and like a star, shall be reflecting the lustre of their beams, and the glorious galaxy of our country's banner?

What can afford more gratification than the proud reflection that we have done, and are endeavoring to do, our duty to ourselves and our fellow creatures while here on earth. Let each brother, then, who hears me to-day,

endeavor to discharge faithfully these several duties, and when each and all of us shall have done with earth, we may have for our last hour's consolation the soothing reflection that we have not lived in vain. Then, indeed, we may say in the triumphant language of an eminent patriot, only recently departed: "This is the last of earth, I am content "

F. B. SATTERTHWAITE.

